

# MEMOIRS *of a* CORPORATION



*Weaving a Century*

CHAPTER VI

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***PACIFIC MILLS***

## Date Due

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# MEMOIRS *of a* CORPORATION

## *The Story of Mary and Mack and Pacific Mills*

*with the editorial assistance of Josef Berger*



*Weaving a Century*

***PACIFIC MILLS***

**Executive Offices: 140 Federal Street  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

Andover Room  
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## DEDICATION

*To the memory of those gallant workers of  
Pacific Mills who died in service of their country  
on the battlefields of four wars, this series  
of booklets is reverently dedicated . . .*

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# PACIFIC MILLS

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1850

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JEREMIAH S. YOUNG  
W. C. CHAPIN  
(Agent, 1853-1871)

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*Treasurer*  
*Vice-President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Assistant Treasurer*  
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Tr. fr. VF 8/1/79 \* 502 Mof

*This is the sixth of a series of booklets being published by Pacific Mills at monthly intervals through the current year in commemoration of the founding of the company one hundred years ago.*

*If you did not receive the preceding chapters, Pacific Mills will be glad to send them to you on request. Write to Pacific Mills, 140 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.*



## VI

# *The Most Important Man in the Company*

(Mack, a fourth-generation employee of Pacific Mills, and his wife, Mary, are invited to tour the company's plants and are told something of the past and present of this hundred-year-old firm for which Mack's great-grandfather worked in the early days. Management has given them its story. The story of labor Mack knows himself. Here it is, in his words.)

This is John Carmack, workingman.

I work for Pacific Mills. I am one of eleven thousand people who work for Pacific Mills.

I am the most important man in the company. My job is the biggest of them all.

Others — the overseer in my department, the plant manager, the president — will tell you the same thing about their jobs. That's all right, too. But they're talking about their jobs and I'm talking about mine.

I say my job is the biggest and most important because that's the way it looks to me from where I sit. I say it counts, I say a lot depends on it, because it's mine and I'm talking about me.

In my job I'm the Number One Big Shot. When I do a piece of work the way it ought to be done, I'm the patter-on-the-back that counts most. If I should pull a boner, I'm the toughest bawler-outer in the outfit.

# TIME TABLE

OF THE

## COCHECO MILLS.

MARCH, 1856.

Arranged to make the working hours throughout the year average 11 hours pr day.

**From March 1st to October 31st, inclusive.**

COMMENCE WORK at 6.30 A. M. LEAVE OFF WORK at 6.30 P. M., except on Saturday Evenings.—

BREAKFAST at 6 A. M. DINNER 12 M. Commence work after dinner 12.45 P. M.

**From November 1st to February 28th, inclusive.**

COMMENCE WORK at 7 A. M. LEAVE OFF WORK at 7 P. M., except on Saturday Evenings.

BREAKFAST at 6.30 A. M. DINNER 12.30 P. M. Commence work after dinner 1.15 P. M.

### BELLS.

**From March 1st to October 31st, inclusive.**

#### MORNING BELLS.

First Bell, 4.30 A. M. Second Bell, 5.30 A. M.  
Third Bell, 6.20 "

#### DINNER BELLS.

Ring Out, - - - - - 12 M.  
Ring In, - - - - - 12.35 P. M.

**From November 1st to February 28th, inclusive.**

First Bell, 5.00 A. M. Second Bell, 6.00 A. M.  
Third Bell, 6.50 "

Ring Out, - - - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Ring In, - - - - - 1.05 "

### SATURDAY EVENING BELLS.

During the month of MARCH, Ring out at 5.30, and APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY and AUGUST, 6.30 P. M.

The remaining Saturdays in the year, as follows:

September.	November.	January.
First Saturday, - - 6.06 P. M.	First Saturday, - - 4.23 P. M.	First Saturday, - - 4.11 P. M.
Second " - - - 5.55 "	Second " - - - 4.14 "	Second " - - - 4.18 "
Third " - - - 5.42 "	Third " - - - 4.07 "	Third " - - - 4.27 "
Fourth " - - - 5.30 "	Fourth " - - - 4.01 "	Fourth " - - - 4.35 "
Fifth " - - - 5.17 "		
October.	December.	February.
First Saturday, - - 5.06 P. M.	First Saturday, - - 3.59 P. M.	First Saturday, - - 4.45 P. M.
Second " - - - 4.54 "	Second " - - - 3.58 "	Second " - - - 4.55 "
Third " - - - 4.43 "	Third " - - - 3.58 "	Third " - - - 5.03 "
Fourth " - - - 4.32 "	Fourth " - - - 4.01 "	Fourth " - - - 5.12 "
	Fifth " - - - 4.05 "	

YARD GATES will be opened when the Bell for commencing work begins to ring, and closed when it stops tolling. RINGING IN BELLS will ring 5 minutes, pause 2, and toll 3 minutes, when all hands must be in. MILL GATES will be hoisted when the last Bell begins to ring.

*A day's work, back in 1856, started at half past five in the morning at Cocheco Mills. A half hour was allowed for breakfast; another half hour for dinner. Work averaged eleven hours a day. This Time Table was posted in the mill.*



But if you want to feel that way about yourself you've got to be a part of something else, something bigger than you. That's the funny thing about it. It's the whole shebang, working together, that gives everybody in it his chance to be big and important.

From the top down, we're in it for something bigger than ourselves. A company, a country, a world. We're doing something, making something that will last another hundred years.

Working for Pacific Mills, you can't miss it. It's right there in front of you every day. It's been there a hundred years, runs through the story of the men and women who've been working for Pacific Mills.

I have heard that story, I am a part of it and I'll tell it to you as it has come to me.

. . .

The idea that a man can't have much respect for his work unless he has respect for himself goes away back to the 1850's when Bill Chapin was boss of the mill at Lawrence. Pacific has stuck to it ever since.

Big Bill never forgot what the first big boss, Abbott Lawrence, wanted Pacific Mills to be. There were many injustices, many practices in the industry of those times that we would look on today as unreasonable and hard, some that we prohibit by law. Yes, in Pacific Mills as elsewhere.

For instance, in the beginning a day's work started at half-past five in the morning. A half-hour was allowed for breakfast and another half-hour for dinner. Work stopped in the evening at seven o'clock — a thirteen-hour day.

In the beginning of the textile industry, all the mills hired children. Up to 1842 the kids worked a twelve-hour day, sometimes more. Then a law was passed in Massachusetts limiting the working day for children under twelve years to ten hours. It wasn't until 1913 that the day was brought down to eight.

Among the 3,600 workers of Pacific Mills in the year 1867 there were eighty boys between ten and twelve years old and forty girls of those ages.

My Dad used to tell me, back when he was a kid in Lawrence, it was a common thing, not only at Pacific but at all the mills, to see the father or grandfather of a big family — retired himself — showing up at the mill gates at noon with six or eight dinner pails for the boys and girls of the family.

In those days, he said, it was a pretty strict family rule that the sons and daughters should turn over their wages to the old folks until they came of age. So if a man had a big enough family he could make a pretty good thing of it, and Dad said a lot of them did just that.

But factory work isn't the right life for a kid of ten or twelve, the way I see it. I want my own kids to do their working in school and their playing out on a ball field, and I'm thankful here in America we've worked up a know-how so that, short of war or some other national emergency, we'll never have to depend on child labor again.

Wages of all labor in those times would look pretty slim to the workingman of today. Pacific pay was above average and far above many another New England factory, even in those lean years at the beginning when the company was dragging along on a shoestring. Men earned \$6.75 a week and up — most of them a good bit more — and women up to \$6.72.

Of course, those dollars were bigger than the ones we get today. You can get some idea of what they would buy from the fact that a man with a family could rent a cheerful, reasonably attractive house from the company for one-eighth of his wages, and girls could live in the company's big dormitories, two to a room, and get lodging, food, lights and laundry thrown in for one-third of their wages.

In the beginning Pacific Mills built three hundred homes in Lawrence for its workers. Those homes were snapped up at once. But the plant at Lawrence needed more workers, especially highly skilled people recruited from the textile mills in England, to get things started. Often whole families came over, people whose ancestors had followed the trade of weaver or spinner for generations back.

When Bill Chapin found a good man, no matter how he hankered for more of those machines the plant needed, he was always willing to okay a loan from the company's slim working capital to help the fellow buy or build a house for his family.

The way Bill Chapin treated his people brought its own reward within the mill. But it soon attracted notice outside.

At the World's Fair in Paris in 1867, prizes of ten thousand francs were offered to the ten companies in the world that had "accomplished most to secure a state of harmony between employers and their workpeople and most successfully advanced the material, intellectual and moral welfare of the same."

The jury of award received five hundred applications. In that list, Pacific Mills ranked second from the top. It was the only company in America to win one of the coveted awards.

Higher wages and better housing were important, and the company library that Abbott Lawrence started was a nice idea, but these weren't all. The Paris award jury also gave Pacific Mills credit for certain reforms that were new and important at the time, having to do with working conditions.

Mills back in that day were usually pretty dreary places inside, often dangerous. Nobody had thought much about making them comfortable, well-lighted, ventilated and safe. When Pacific built its plant, the workrooms were an eye opener and an example for the whole industry.

For instance, the Lawrence plant had the first separate dressing rooms for women. And that was only one of a number of





*Girls could live in the company's big dormitories, two to a room, and get lodging, food, lights, and laundry thrown in for one-third of their wages.*



“firsts” that started America on her way toward the present high standards of industrial safety, medical care and sanitation.

. . .

The workpeople had health insurance, too. The better part of a century before the government started thinking about it, the Pacific Mills Relief Society worked out a scheme. If you were an employee of Pacific Mills you had to pay two cents a week into the relief fund whenever it dropped below \$1,500. When it stood above that level you paid nothing.

If you took sick, you were given any necessary medical care, plus \$2.50 a week out of the fund. If you were alone and helpless, a steward of the Society looked after you and saw that you were taken to relatives or friends.

“The blessings of this society,” the management said, “are well known to parties at a distance and often induce persons of excellent character to seek employment of this company.”

. . .

On the subject of morals, the management was pretty strait-laced. With half the payroll made up of women, many of them young girls away from home, it had to be. It stood for no monkey business. Here’s how they put it back in those days:

*. . . If a young female is known to visit places of evening amusement of doubtful character, or gives any reason for suspicion that she is guilty of immorality, or even of careless unguarded conduct, she is admonished, and if reform is not immediate she is discharged.*

*Doubtless persons of immoral character secure employment by the company, and by superior secrecy retain their connection. Among so large a number some will be impure, but it is believed that very few of these females are led astray while connected with the mill, if virtuous when commencing work.*

The girls who work for Pacific Mills today are tops. I know. I married one of them. But they wouldn't want to be tied so close to the company's apron strings as they were then.

In many mills of that day the management didn't care what happened to the workpeople so long as profits came in. But in mills where the management did care, that "paternalism" was about the only protection labor had.

If you had told Bill Chapin he was "paternalistic" he would have agreed with you. He was proud of it. He was trying to make it work. He told the Paris award jury:

*The directors have placed their associate, the manager, at the works to represent their feelings to the workpeople; to show them sympathy in their trials; to counsel them in their need of advice; and to be their friend. . . . It requires a vast amount of patient listening to complaints; to tales of sorrow and want; but it has had its reward in seeing so many relieved.*

And yet today, without that strong, close paternalism, the labor relations of Pacific Mills are even better and more wholesome than they were then. The methods of reaching an understanding with labor have changed. The cooperative spirit is the same.

I suppose the answer is that when men of management and men of labor understand the thing old Abbott Lawrence was trying to put across — that we're all in it together and working towards the same common goal — it doesn't matter what the forms or the methods are. I don't think any problem has ever come up between any management and any bunch of workpeople that the Golden Rule, used with both edges, couldn't have straightened out.

Back in the early days the fellows who "set the tone" were the overseers, the heads of the departments in the plant. Some

used the term "overlooker." But don't let that fool you; they saw everything, overlooked nothing.

The overseer was a powerful fellow. He hired and fired the people in his department. He signed pay vouchers. To his people he was the voice of the management; but he was also, to the management, the spokesman for his people. He was close to the men and women working for him.

A proud lot they were, those old overseers! Aristocrats of the textile industry. Proud of their calling, proud of the fact they were born with the "weaver's thumb," temperamental as a concert maestro making out his income tax, and ready to raise hell with anybody who wasn't up to snuff.

To those fellows, clothmaking was everything. And if the management fell down on its job, if stupid orders came to them from the upstairs office, they could be just as sassy and hard-boiled to their superiors as they were to the people under them.

Down through the generations the overseers have hung on to that pride, that strong sense of the dignity of work. The old-timers have had to adjust to many changes—new manufacturing methods and new trends in labor relations—and today only a few of those "men of the old school" are left in the mills.

. . .

The other day I sat down with a retired overseer in Lawrence and listened while he brought back memories of his years with Pacific. He had been in charge of worsted yarns at the "Number 10 Mill" in the early part of the century. He had quite a lot to say about the morale of Pacific people in his day.

"Of course, the overseers never discouraged the idea that they were geniuses," he said. "Most of 'em were Englishmen, with minds about as flexible as the dam across the Merrimack. What they didn't know was torn out of the book—by themselves.

"I remember once, years ago when Walter Parker was manager, he bought a newfangled slasher device. The slasher, you



know, isn't what it sounds like. It doesn't cut. It is a machine that starches the warp yarns — applies a coating of size mixture to them.

"The overseer of slashing was a peppery little Lancashire man who stood four foot eleven if he napped his hair up and stretched his neck a bit. We used to call him Goliath — Golly for short.

"Golly wouldn't run that new slashing machine. It wasn't what he was used to. He said it didn't work right, it was a contrivance of the devil, and he'd be blankety-blanked if he'd give it shop room.

"So the company that sold it sent out their trouble shooter, a regular giant of a fellow, six foot four; his name was McGuire, and his brogue you couldn't have cut with a shearing blade.

"This McGuire looked the machine over, dipped his finger into the sizing mixture, shook his head and said, 'Sure and I don't like your size.'

" 'And I don't like yours!' the little overseer shouted back. 'I've been boss slasher for Pacific Mills for forty odd years and I'll go to hell in the King's own carriage — God bless him! — before I'll let any man by the name of McGuire tell me how to run my slasher-room!' "

. . .

"And then there was one day," the old-timer continued, "when three women from County Kildare, green as the shamrock itself, came to me the morning after they'd walked off the boat at Boston.

"They wanted jobs. Said they were all three experienced spinners. So I told 'em to show up for work in the morning.

"They did. But may the good Lord fray my tongue to a bloody fringe if I'm not telling you the truth, Mister! — they showed up at the gates that next morning, each one carrying a spinning wheel!"



"It was before your time," went on the old-timer, "when John Lord was superintendent of the worsted department and Paddy Barker was an overseer in the Lower Mill.

"There was hot rivalry between the Lower Mill and Number Ten, where I was, to see which could get the bulge on the other. But when Paddy Barker became the father-in-law of John Lord naturally we in Number Ten thought we were licked. As the boys said, who'd want to buck up against Paddy when the Lord was on his side?

"For a while, with John Lord doing everything he could to favor the Lower Mill, Paddy did have us licked. That made me mad, and one day I went in to see John Lord. I complained we weren't getting any of the new machines or the repair work we needed, while the Lower Mill was being given the lion's share.

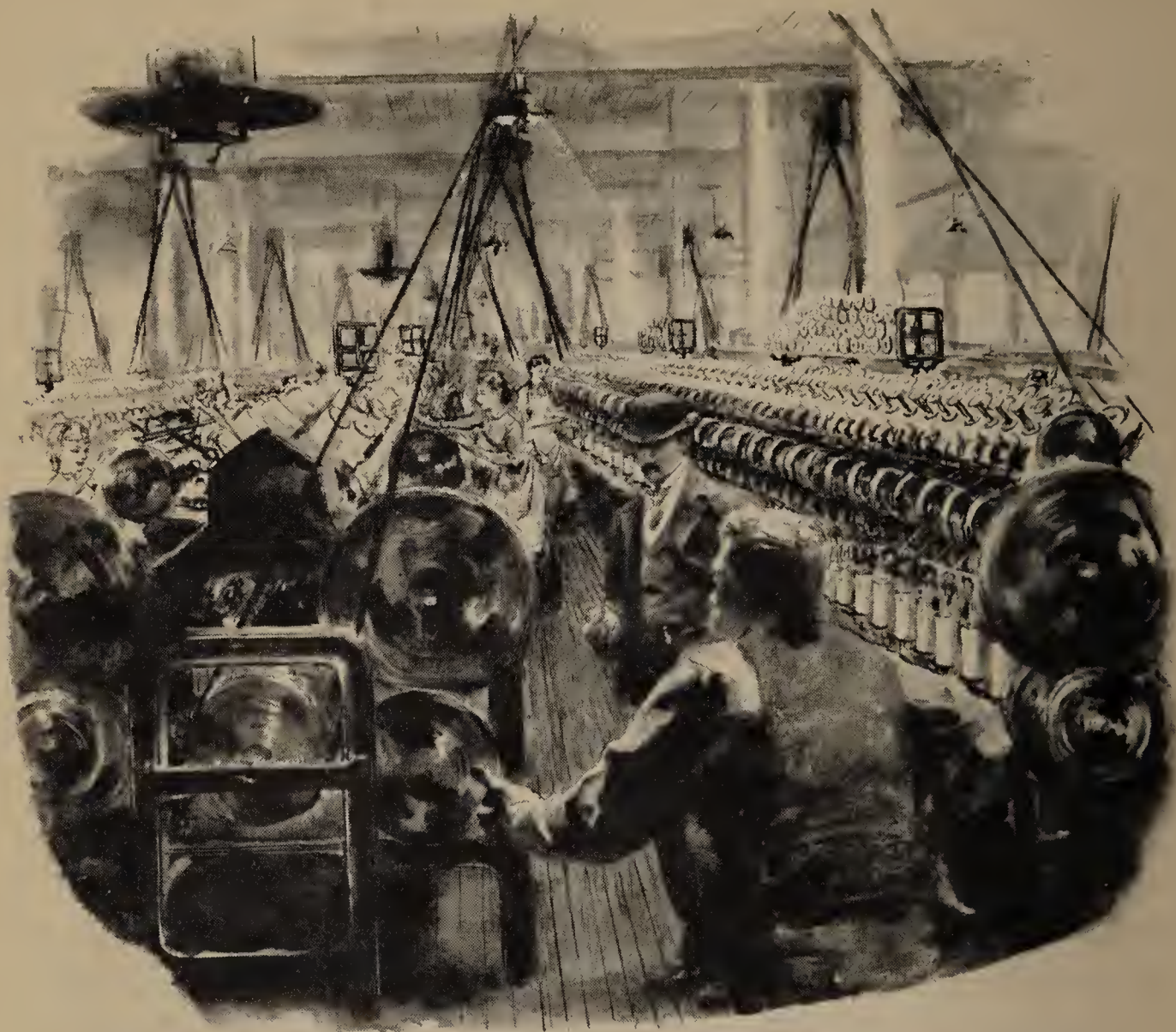
"He said, 'Nonsense, Henry! If the Lower Mill is getting the bulge on you, it's all a matter of ambition and ingenuity — and little enough of that!'

"That made me madder still. I went back to Number Ten, and I was just mad enough to be smart. So I got busy. You see, each motor was driving four spinning frames. We were supposed to run the spindles at six thousand revolutions per minute. I decided to try boosting that a little mite.

"So I wound one thickness of leather around the pulley. That added about three-eighths of an inch to the diameter. The result was something like shifting your automobile into a higher gear. To every spindle on every spinning frame, I added one hundred revolutions per minute. Of course, you can't load on too much or you run into trouble. But I found I could get away with that.

"Well, sir, we had that spinning room in Number Ten going like all hell in a hornet's nest. We began knocking out production that made the Lower Mill look sick. And John Lord couldn't figure for the life of him how I'd got the bulge on 'em.

"One day he comes to me and says, 'We're questioning your



*The Old Timer threw the machinery in the spinning room of old Number Ten Mill into high gear to get the bulge on Paddy Barker in the Lower Mill.*

production.' I says, 'You mean the figures?' He says, 'Yes. I can't believe 'em.' So I let him check 'em over to his heart's content. Then he inspected the whole spinning room.

"My people knew what he was up to, but nobody let out a peep about that extra thickness around the pulleys and he never thought to look for such a thing.

"Finally he turns to me and gives me the old bead and says, 'Henry, there's something wrong here.'



“ ‘Wrong, John?’ I says. ‘Why, what’s wrong about us doing so good in Number Ten we’re making monkeys of the boys in the Lower Mill?’

“ ‘How are you doing it? You’re playing some kind of a trick on me, Henry.’

“ ‘Nonsense!’ I says. ‘You know I wouldn’t do a thing like that, John.’ And when he gives me the old bead again, I gives him the shrug. ‘All a matter of ambition and ingenuity, John,’ I says, ‘and little enough o’ that!’ ”

. . .

No story of labor in the textile industry could leave out the big strike at Lawrence in 1912 — a strike that swept through all the dozen leading mills in that town, with their twenty-seven thousand operatives, and touched the lives of half a million people who depended on the mills of all New England for a living.

It happened before I was born, but my Dad, an overseer at Pacific Mills at the time, has told me the story.

In those years, Dad said, the cost of living in New England had gone up above what it was in the nineties and eighties, but wages in the textile industry hadn’t kept up with it. Counting in the low pay for women and children, the average came to \$7.76 a week. Most of the men were getting from \$8.12 to \$13.92.

Along with this, housing for many mill workers was bad. There were eighty-six thousand people in Lawrence and new building had not kept up with the growing population.

The trouble started after the State passed a law that reduced the working schedule from fifty-six to fifty-four hours a week. Wages per hour were not changed, so it meant a cut in take-home pay. The workers demanded their old take-home. Five hundred weavers and spinners walked out of the Everett, Arlington and Lawrence Duck Mills.

Next morning — January 12 — in the midst of a blizzard, twelve thousand people went out. Others soon followed. There were processions through the town and a few raids on the mills.

Joseph J. Ettor, an organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World, took charge of the strike. He was joined by William D. Haywood, Arturo Giovannitti and other IWW leaders.

The Governor of Massachusetts called up three companies of militia in Lawrence. Troops and strikers clashed at several points and both sides began shooting. One striker was bayoneted. More troops were sent in. There were new fights, heightening bitterness.

One night a crowd of strikers gathered in the streets and tried to parade. The police stopped them. Shots were fired and this time one of them killed a woman. A police officer was stabbed.

Ettor and Giovannitti were arrested, accused of being accessories to the murder of the woman, through having incited the crowd to violence by their speeches. After Ettor's arrest, Haywood took over leadership of the strike. The trial of Ettor and Giovannitti dragged on for weeks and was front-page news throughout the country. They were acquitted.

In another street brawl a youth of eighteen was killed by a bayonet.

Then the strikers started their "Exodus of Children," as the headline writers called it. The idea was to move the children out of danger and also to give the strike more publicity and appeal to the sympathies of the rest of the country.

Through the socialist newspaper *New York Call*, workers in other cities were asked to take care of the children while the strike lasted, and special trains were hired to move them out. When the first train brought the children from Lawrence into Grand Central Station in New York, labor organizations staged a big demonstration there.



As a result, money for strike relief came into Lawrence from many parts of the country and Congress ordered the Attorney General to investigate the whole conflict.

After nine weeks, it ended March 14 in a victory for the strikers. They were granted increases of from 5 to 25 per cent and a 25 per cent rise in overtime pay. This brought better wages for textile workers all through New England.

My Dad said the strike never should have been necessary. The pay was out of line and should have been raised. On the other hand, Dad said the strikers didn't do themselves any good by playing it rough.

Before they were through, that victory cost them, besides life and limb, wages adding up to \$3,350,000. Dad was sure they could have won those same pay raises a whole lot quicker if they hadn't let a bunch of outsiders speak for them and work them up into leading off with their fists instead of their brains.

. . .

Well, that's one side of the picture — a generation ago. The other side is ninety-nine years and some odd weeks of loyalty from the kind of people my Dad was — and you'd never find better in this man's world! — and four generations of a fair and square deal from Pacific Mills for our kind of folks.

I know. My Dad told me, and his Dad told him, and *his* Dad told *him*. It's true in Lawrence and it's true down South — where you see Pacific, you see people a company can be proud of and people who are proud of their company.

I can give you a good example — what the gang did in World War II. I didn't see this personally either, because I was overseas myself at the time. But the Joes like me kept tabs on the old outfit and what I heard about it made me bust a couple of buttons off my shirt. Pacific Mills gave up 3,379 of its men and women to the armed forces in World War II. Seventy-eight of them didn't come home.

Those who stayed behind took on the job of making America's fighting men the best clothed in the world and made that job their own personal battle.

And because they felt that way about it, and worked the way they felt, Pacific Mills' Worsted Division was first in the industry to earn the Army-Navy E Award for giving a big boost to the war effort; and the company's cotton mills down South, with the same spirit, pitched in and produced at an equally terrific pace.

. . .

During the course of World War II, Pacific turned out more than 350,000,000 yards of fabrics for the big fight. A person's mind's eye can't see 350,000,000 yards of anything, so all those zeros don't mean much. But what did mean something to me was the story behind it, the story I got in letters from home — women taking on heavy jobs that men had done before, boys and girls of high school age putting in four-hour shifts at the mills, older folks who had planned to quit and take it easy staying on the job because they were needed.

While Lawrence concentrated on shirtings, tropical worsteds and items like that, Columbia and Lyman, down in South Carolina, were making cotton cloth for millions of uniforms, shirts, shorts, sheets, mattress covers, raincoats and camouflage, and they supplied a fourth of the whole requirement of insulation fabric used in the electric wires.

. . .

I remember, I was resting in a bunkhouse near the airfield at Bovington, England, feeling lower than a cat in a well and offering to bet myself the damned fog was going to stay in my bones forever, when I got a letter from Mary I won't soon forget.

We'd just brought in our kite from a little game of a-tisketa-tasket over Dusseldorf, and two of my buddies had stopped

the ack-ack and were carted off to sick bay. I felt alone, alone as hell. Then Mary's letter came.

She told me a lot of things I won't repeat here — we weren't married then — and further on in the letter she mentioned the big goings-on at the plant in Lawrence when they gave the E award to Pacific — “our outfit,” as she called it. She said:

*It seemed to me like they were making a lot of fuss over it, what with the Governor there, and high military men and company officials and directors, and the new flag draped over a raised platform, and all our six thousand people out there in front listening while they made speeches and the band played. A lot of fuss over doing very little compared with what you're doing, but somehow I couldn't help crying right there in the middle of it. Made me feel like such a fool!*

*A General from the Army congratulated us on our good work, and — Mack, do you remember little old Mary Sweeney, in web drawing? She's seventy-two years old, you know, and she's been working at the plant for sixty years. Well, they brought her up on the platform and gave her a big bouquet and Mr. Walen congratulated her for the spunk and patriotism she's showing by staying on the job even at her age, carrying on to win the war. She was so cute up there on the platform, all dressed up and so serious and proud, bless her heart!*

Then Mary put in a clipping from the paper about the big doings, and I read what President Bliss told the gang back there:

*. . . Remember, it takes many people working behind the lines to keep one man on the firing line. Your glory in fighting this war is at a loom, beside a dye kettle or in the spinning room. The hours may be long and the night work*



*may be tiresome, but the war cannot be won unless those of us in the mills and factories do our part. The pennant that you receive today tells the world that those in Pacific Mills are doing their part. That pennant will fly over our plant and as it flies there let it remind every one of us that we must not let down the men in our armed forces.*

And when I read that, lying there on that cold, raw afternoon, I didn't feel alone any more; I felt that I had somebody behind me and it was good to know that — people like Mary, and old Mary Sweeney, and the fellows in the finishing department, and a lot of others whose names I didn't even know, thousands of them. And there in the bunkhouse I turned my head to the wall so the boys couldn't see me because I was making a fool of myself the way Mary did. And I felt better.

So that's the kind of gang we've got in Pacific. Lots of things have changed since Abbott Lawrence's time. The workers' day is shorter. Their pay is better. Their living standards are higher.

The management doesn't go around any more policing dormitories or "places of evening amusement of doubtful character" in search of "impure females" on the payroll.

The workpeople are home folks and where the mills are located there are community centers, athletic fields, recreation rooms, bowling tournaments, summer outings and Christmas parties, and all sorts of good, clean ways of getting together with neighbors and fellow workers. The old Relief Society for taking care of the sick is gone. But in its place is a group insurance plan that takes care of the same need and does it better.

The old folks don't come to the mill gates any more with armfuls of dinner pails for kids who are supporting them inside. The kids aren't there now. They're in school or playing outdoors.



Yes, there've been a lot of changes in a hundred years, but the dream of Abbott Lawrence — "a bond of good will among men, the men of labor and the men of capital, a new idea, an American idea" — lives on.

That's why I, John Carmack, second hand, can hold my head up and say it doesn't cut any ice that I'm not president of the company or plant manager or overseer. The man I respect first of all is John Carmack, second hand. That's me. And the job I respect first is my work.

*Next month Pacific Mills will send you another installment of "Memoirs of a Corporation, Weaving a Century." It will be entitled "Chapter VII: New Yarns for Old."*







